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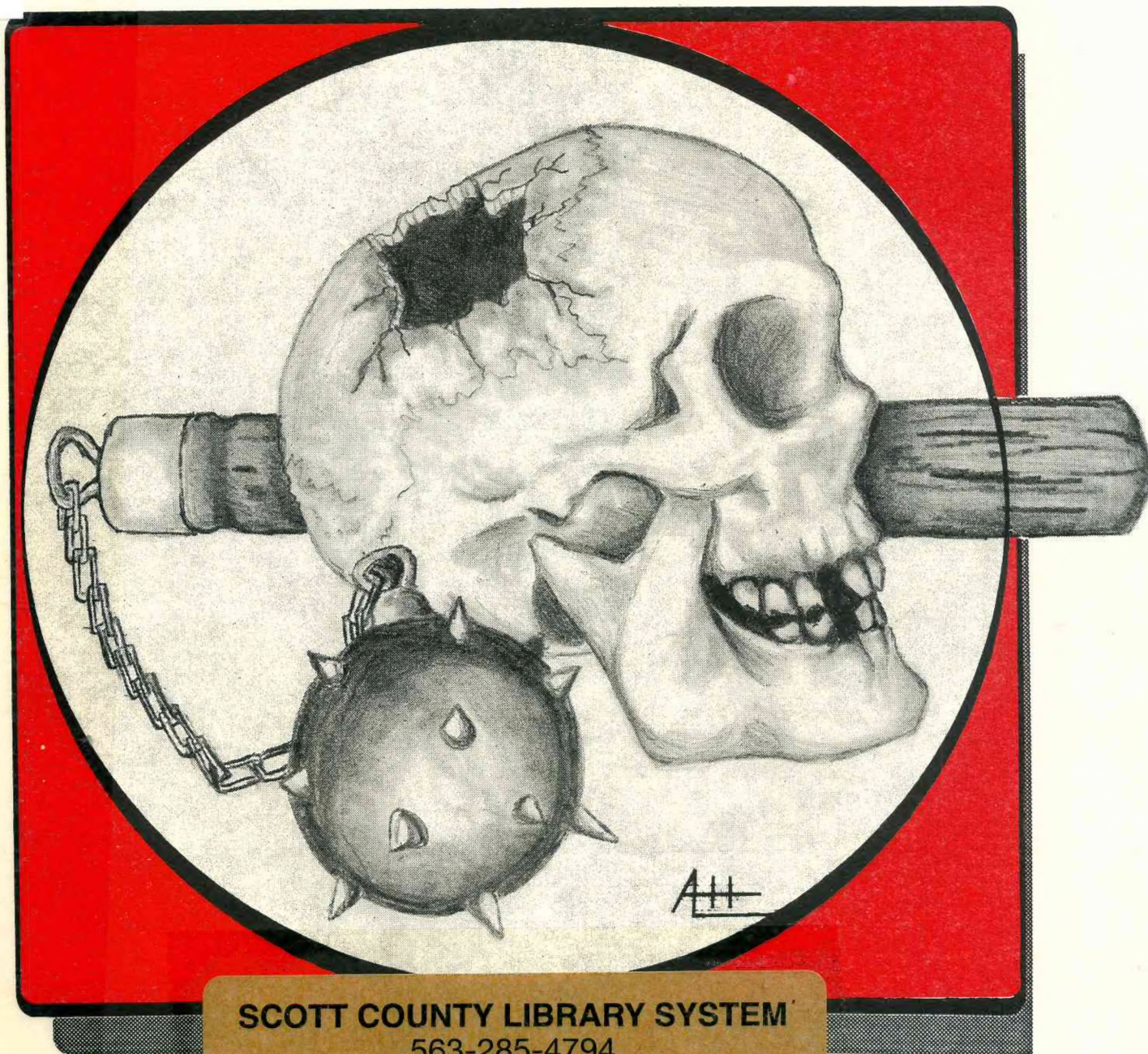
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# MORNING STAR

Volume 10

1992-1993

North Scott High School - Eldridge, Iowa 52748



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# *MORNING STAR*

*Volume 10*

*1992-1993*

*North Scott High School*

*Eldridge, Iowa 52748*

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## *Morning Star...*

...is the name of a medieval weapon, but the term also signifies the awakneing spirit and potential of young artists and writers at North Scott. This special Tenth Anniversary Issue is a collection of creative student expression and it joins the Lance, the school newspaper, and the Shield, the yearbook, as productions of the North Scott High School Language Arts Department.

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# *Tunnels*

The light at the end of the tunnel  
A fragment of thought  
A comparison-  
beginning to end  
end of beginning  
Embark on a journey  
Entrance into the mind  
The mind is your tunnel,

Where you start  
Where you end  
The tunnel is your own.  
Your light at the end of the tunnel  
is what you make it.  
If you take it for granted  
The light will dim  
If you let it go  
The tunnel disappears.  
It serves you.  
Serve it.

The journey ends.

--*Amanda Orris*, '93

Through the tunnel of life I roam,  
through the unexplained,  
the unknown.

Life's little mysteries,  
all trapped inside,  
waiting for me,  
on the other side.

The bright light,  
I can see ahead,  
a symbol of the forthcoming,  
of the end.

--*Angie Tague*, '95

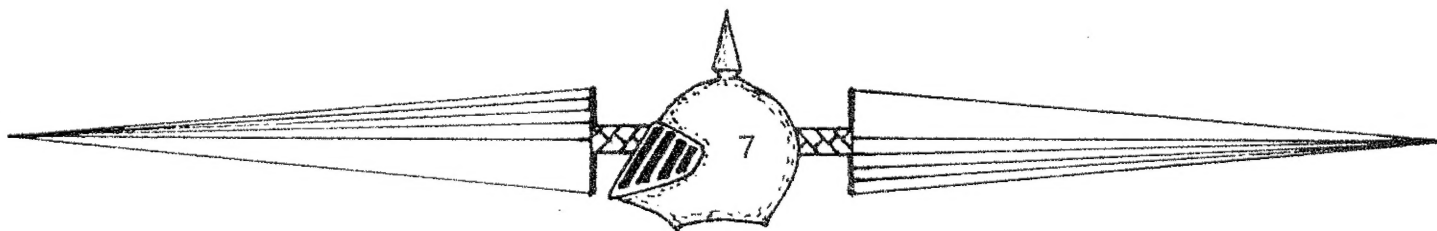
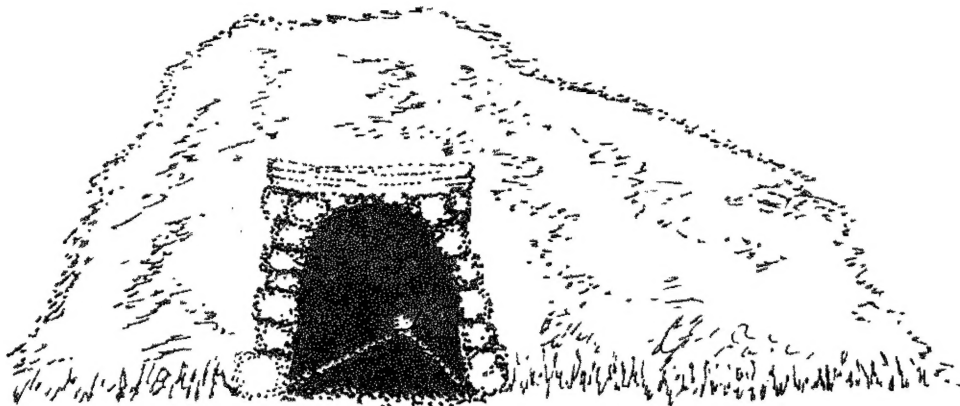


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## Tunnels

Which is the beginning, which is the end?  
Where is my enemy, where is my friend?  
What am I doing?  
Where can I hide,  
from this tunnel of emotion that traps me inside?  
My paths are both lightened,  
but yet I can't see.  
I'm stuck here for eternity.  
I love, I hate,  
I laugh, I cry,  
and somewhere in the midst of it I ask why  
I exist in my thoughts,  
but not in my dreams.  
My life is a tunnel, or sometimes it seems.

--Kelli Hammes, '93



---

Not all tunnels have a light at the end.  
A black hole darker than night.  
A moonless sky that sheds no light.  
    But onward I go.  
    Trudging...fallen...crawling, and lo  
    There is no end.  
Infinite turns, and my soul burns.  
Countless miles, only a fool smiles.  
There is no end at all.  
No, there is no end at all, not to this tunnel.  
    My friend.

--*Andrew Heidgerken*, '94

## The Tunnel

At the end of a long, dark tunnel,  
You see a small bright light,  
Walking, forever walking,  
Just beyond your sight.

An endless journey,  
Taking it's toll,  
Follow a path,  
Find the goal.

Someday you'll see  
When life reaches its end,  
That bright shining light  
After going 'round the bend.

--*Sara Smith*, '94





*As I See It*



## Smell

Smell is pleasant,  
though also repelling,  
the sweet smell of the roses  
along the garden,  
Or the stench of the oozing garbage  
covered with flies.  
Smell is wonderful,  
though also horrible.  
The aroma from the kitchen on Christmas  
of the goose cooking,  
Or the smell of a freshly run over skunk  
on the highway.  
Smell is not always an attractive sense,  
if you didn't have a nose you really wouldn't know.

--Joe Schoenthaler, '93

## Road Kill

As I travel winter nights,  
Not knowing what to know,  
I see a cat come into sight,  
Outside my foggy window.

The horn did honk,  
The lights did blaze,  
I heard a thunk,  
Its blood did rain.

The cat's now dead,  
It's all my fault,  
I smashed its head,  
And I came to a halt.

I picked it up,  
I set it aside,  
And I went home,  
Because I was still alive...

--Don Anderson, '94



Feelings of **BIG** and small.

As I walk a

r  
o  
u  
d  
t  
h  
e

dog and giraffe,

The giraffe bends

d  
o  
w  
n

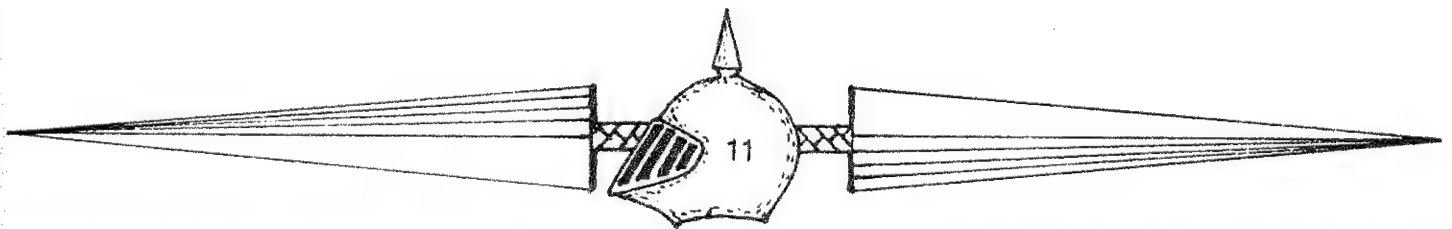
to NUDGE the dog.  
to bite the giraffe's nose.

p

u

And the dog looks

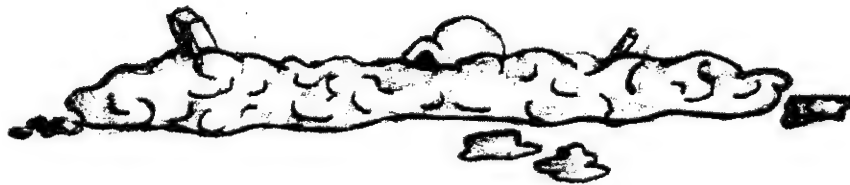
--Kevin Meinert, '94



## Dirt

Why does taste  
dirt so  
bad?  
Could it be the  
dead  
and  
decaying  
organisms?  
Or maybe it's in a i f r n f r .  
nutrients d f e e t o m  
I think it's the  
feces  
from  
the dogs  
next  
door.

--Joe Schoenthaler, '93







The screaming giraffe went

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h (breath)

hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

h

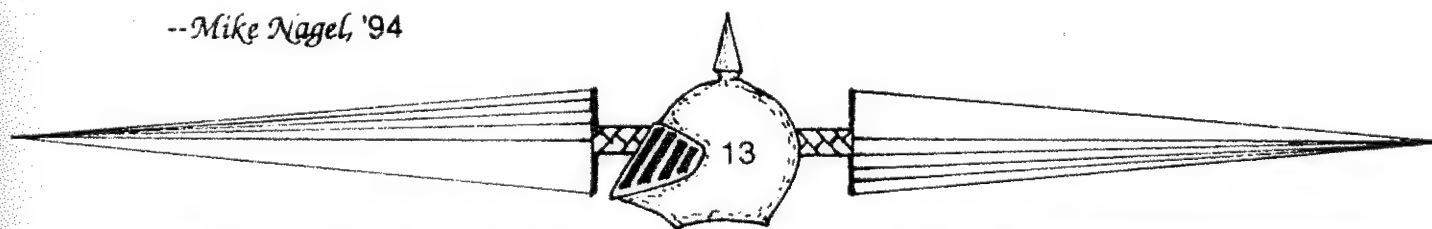
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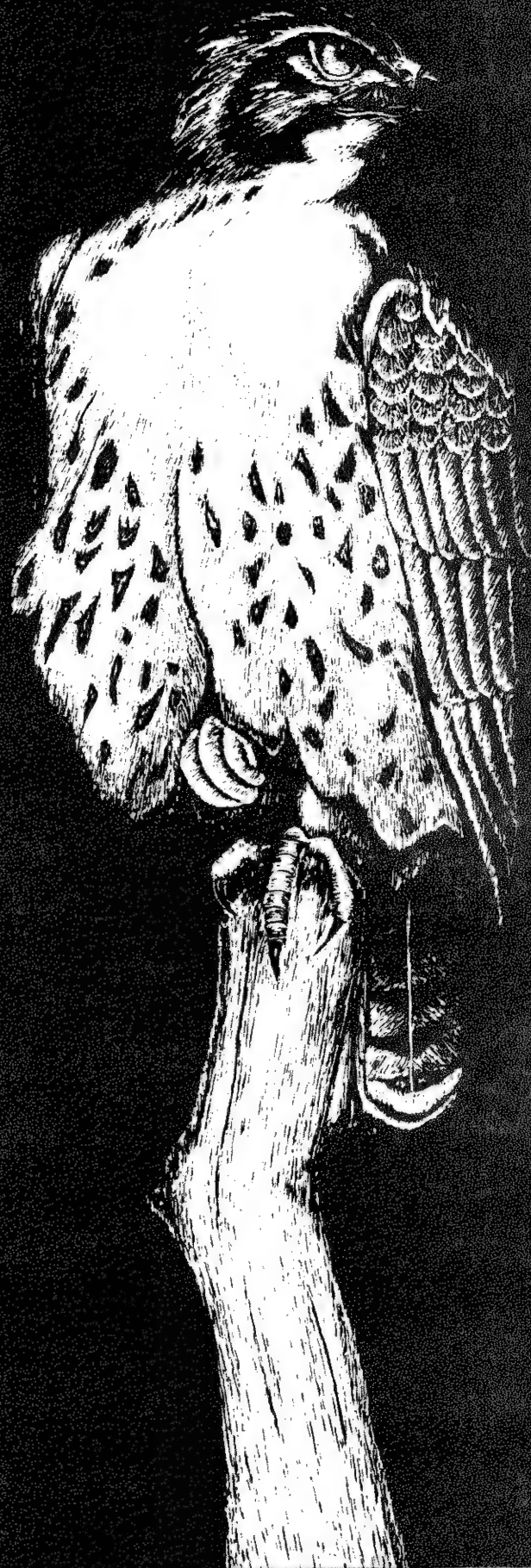
h (breath)

hhhh!

When he hit his head on the ceiling.

--Mike Nagel, '94





*My Heart You  
Make*



---

## What Love Means to Me

As I sit behind closed doors  
My lover sleeps near the river shore,

Concentrate and it will come,  
A vision of her sweet and plum,

It is her that I love,  
From here to there,  
I love her anywhere,

Cuddled up next to her,  
My world is perfect  
and free from all,

She brings that extra warmth and cheer,  
That causes my eyes to shed a tear,  
A tear that falls to the ground so light,  
That sends a spark throughout the night,

My heart now has a reason to pump,  
My legs now a reason to jump,

My pain is gone,  
With her by my side,  
I feel not alone,

She brings about a change of pace,  
A smile forms from this once miserable face,

I have feelings for her so much,  
I send them out for her to touch,

She grabs them tight in her heart,  
It would take a force so very strong,  
To tear us apart.

This is what love means to me!

--Paul Sager, '93

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## My Love for Him...

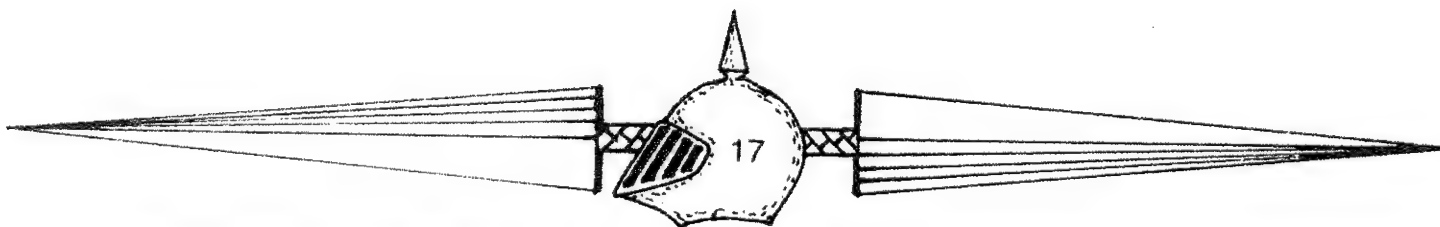
I see him standing there smiling at me. It brings a joyful feeling into my heart.  
I know he is the one for me. He's so sweet and so smart.  
I love spending my time with him. He brings great comfort to me.  
And if he weren't around, my life would be empty.  
He is there for me when I need a shoulder to cry on.  
He is someone I can always rely on.  
I never have felt as much love for anyone else.  
I love him as much as life itself.

--*Arminda Spotts*, '93

## The One For Me...

When I met him, I thought he wasn't the one for me.  
I thought that it wasn't to be.  
I was proved wrong,  
as our love for each other grew strong.  
It's strange how life comes and goes,  
the chances you take, the chances you blow.  
Well I took the chance, and he turned out to be,  
the best thing that has even happened to me.

--*Arminda Spotts*, '93



## New Love...

is like a dove, the way you feel as if you are soaring through the air.

The pitter-patter of your heart when he walks your way.

When the whole world seems to look at you and smile.

It feels like laughter warming your insides.

Giggling,  
flirting,  
exciting,  
nerve wrecking,  
energetic,  
New Love.

--Christie Spohn, '94



## Assurance

When I see you  
my stomach  
drops  
to a point it's  
never reached  
before.

A warmth I feel  
throughout my  
body.

A peace I feel when  
I touch your  
hand, your  
face, your  
lips.

All I want is  
an assurance  
you'll never  
leave my side.

Whether in  
physical means  
or just  
in thought.

--John Lafferty, '93

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## Walking Together

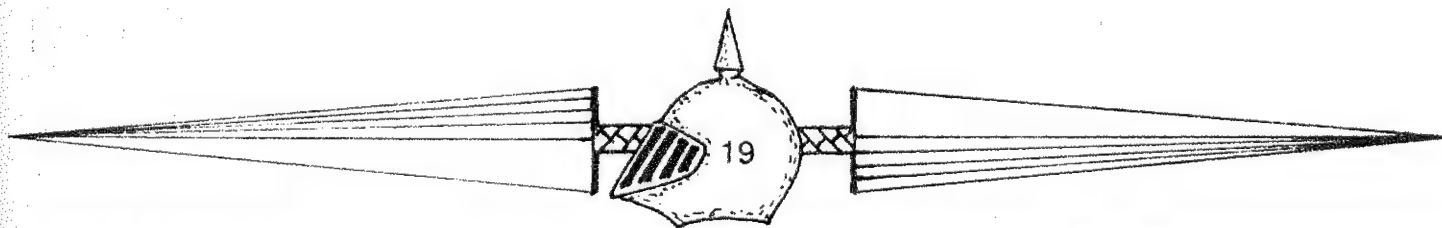
We walked  
hand in hand  
down the crowded street.  
Neither of us spoke a word,  
but we both knew  
what the other was thinking.  
Electricity was  
shooting from one of us  
to the other through our  
touching fingertips.  
Our hearts skipped a beat  
when we looked into  
each other's eyes.  
I loved him and  
he loved me, but we  
showed it in actions,  
not words. Talking  
wasn't necessary when  
we felt that way about  
each other.  
As he touched my face  
to brush my hair away,  
I melted in his arms. As  
he leaned over to  
kiss me, my heart pounded  
so hard my chest hurt.  
We walked on, hand in hand,  
me and my best friend.

--Courtney Gilkison, '95

## Feel the Breeze

The summer breeze blows through my mind  
I think of times gone by  
The loves I've loved the loves now lost  
The love of a simpler life  
My dreams are gone my faith hath died  
My heart in torment lives  
But with your love I'll carry on  
So as you see me sitting here  
    -thinking my own thoughts  
Ask me not what is wrong  
Sit near me and feel the summer breeze

--Christian Scott, '93









*My Heart You  
Break*



---

I walk along these lonely streets  
with memories of the past.  
Two years wasted, and now you're gone.  
The time just went too fast.

I've carried on, and fell apart,  
neither one did any good.  
Now it's time for starting over  
if I only thought I could.

You don't know what you got, they say,  
until you're left behind.  
And the mistakes you made yesterday  
are those you can't rewind.

So use your head before your heart,  
Don't let your mind astray.  
Your new found love that  
"loves you back"  
may someday turn away.

--Becky Quinn, '94

## Questions of Love

Sometimes I feel so lonely,  
And have no reason why.  
But then the void in which your absence had created,  
had become obvious.  
Becoming more obvious with each passing day.  
Yet realizing that my cries of loneliness contain small, salty tears  
Which, might seem minute to this sea of emotions.  
Though loneliness is tricky,  
Among many other things.  
It strikes you when you are down,  
And when your last wind is gone.  
When you think you can't proceed to the next day,  
Without the one you love...

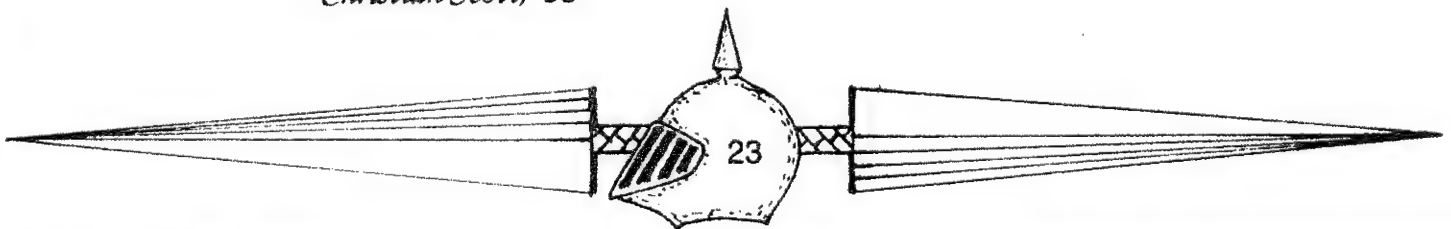
--Brian Stevens, '96

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Old wounds are long to heal  
the blood that once ebbed out of them is not soon forgotten.

As you caressed my heart  
with words of love finding the tenderness within.  
The time we spent, the very hours of my life,  
the things you said, the things we did,  
a love that had to be.  
But out of the shadows slipped a knife,  
I don't even know his name.  
He turned your heart, you twisted mine.  
The pain, the anguish there for all to see.  
I asked your help, I asked you why.  
You laughed as I cried  
as the blood dripped from our love  
that tore my heart in two.  
You wiped your hands of my love  
and tried to take yours back  
but that love is stained a crimson red  
of your sweet lips and my warm blood.  
(Enraged you were when you saw that stain,  
the stain of our love's blood.)  
And always will you carry that stain  
and always will the scar remain  
on my once soft heart that loved you so  
that you tore open wide so long ago.  
And now that heart had turned to stone.  
It's cold as ice and chills my bones  
to make me cruel.  
It makes me sad to think of the jewel  
that I once had to hear the bells,  
to hear the chimes,  
to make me yours,  
to make you mine.  
Instead I'll weep, 'till the end of time  
for another love  
of a truer kind.

--Christian Scott, '93





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## THE LOST FRIEND

In one's life friends come and go.  
Friends appear and disappear.  
Friends are the special individuals you can depend on, love,  
and share a special bond with.  
Friends don't give up, they keep trying.  
Friends are meant to bring out the special inner qualities of an  
individual.  
Friends trust, believe and care about each other.  
Friends help when help is needed.  
Friends are meant to be found, not lost.

--*Michael Pessman*, '94

## A Heart Needs Love to Live

A falling leaf is like a broken heart  
It keeps falling, falling, falling  
until it hits the ground.  
The wind may pick up the leaf  
and carry it a while, until it hits  
the ground again.  
A broken heart can get back up  
and fall again, just like a leaf.  
But one thing about the broken heart  
is that with the love of another  
it can always live.  
But the leaf is dead. It may never  
get back up again.  
Without that love, the heart will end up  
like the leaf, dead.  
The leaf can go forever, unnoticed,  
and so can a heart without love.

--*Tawnya Hatch*, '95

## My Own

to see you now is much to bear  
to know what we once were  
thinking of you  
what you meant to me  
in yesterday long past  
knowing my love was great  
hearing you say it small  
makes me weep with bitterness  
that no other shall ever know  
for my love is locked behind it  
and it behind my love  
so now I go on loving you  
but only on my own

--*Christian Scott*, '93

---

## The <sup>Not</sup> So Perfect Relationship

How could you treat me  
the way that you did?  
Who in the hell  
were you trying to kid?

You used me, you dumped me,  
had a fling on the side.  
And you say that I  
have something to hide!

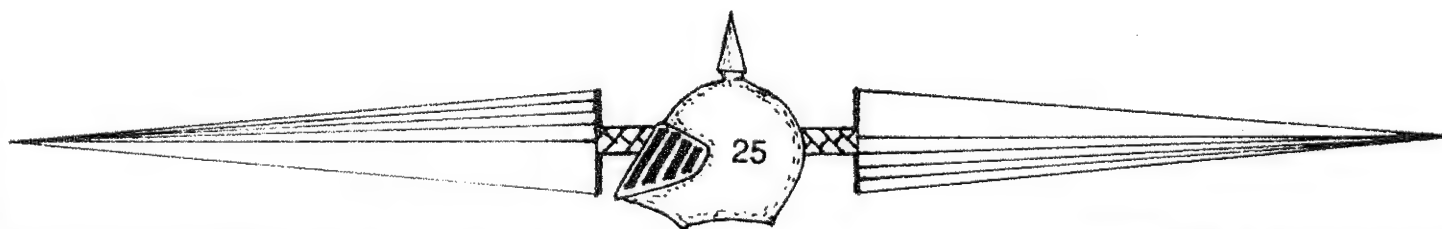
You said some things  
you'll live to regret.  
My trust is something  
you'll never again get.

We used to be  
the 'Perfect Pair'.  
Now all I see  
is hurt and despair.

You've gone away,  
I've found someone new.  
Now you're the one  
who's feeling blue.

You said you loved me,  
you acted so tough.  
Well, baby, sometimes love  
just ain't enough.

--Courtney Gilkison, '94



---

## The Everlasting Storm

The rain  
The clouds  
The storm  
There is no shelter  
I begin to walk  
You are there, but too far to reach  
I lift my arm toward you  
You still walk on,  
I stop,  
Realizing you must go on without me.  
The path for me ends there,  
I sit in the rain and cry.  
You turn, noticing my tears,  
But your path leads you on.  
You leave me in the rain,  
My tears slowly becoming part of the storm.  
I sit alone for a long time,  
The rain still pouring down.  
You have left me with nothing.  
My heart belongs to you.  
As I sit alone, I recall those days not so long ago;  
The days when all I saw were the sunshine and our rainbow.  
Someday, the clouds will part and the sun will shine once more  
And our rainbow will spread across the sky, never to leave.  
When that day comes, you will help me to stand, to laugh, and smile.  
But until then, the storm will be part of me.  
Slowly, I will lose all hope  
And if that "someday" is very far away, I may die without my heart  
Still loving you.

## The Everlasting Storm: The Second Phase

The clouds above me linger.  
There is nowhere to turn.  
Without you, there is no one.  
Someday when the storm has lessened  
There may be someone else by my side,  
That someone may love me the way you did,  
But there will always be the storm inside  
And no one could ever take the place you have in my heart.

---

I may end up being somewhat fond of that someone,  
But I could never love that someone the way I love you.  
The clouds and the rain are always there.  
I sit alone, thinking of that someday when you will come back to me.  
You and your love are forever in the midst of the storm,  
Lightning lights up my ever dark sky.  
I see your face before me in a dream,  
You reach out to help me stand,  
I try to reach out, but then I wake once more.  
Reality makes me see that you are gone forever now,  
Because I ruined our rainbow.  
I am sorry.  
But I suffer as I sit in the storm I have made.  
There is no one to shelter me as it rains.  
The thunder and the lightning are all I really see or hear,  
The rest are memories and dreams.  
No one ever told me that love could be this hard,  
I knew it wasn't easy but the storm shows all my pain.  
Pain and love are all I feel.  
The storm will go on and on,  
Only you can stop the rain.  
If you don't, it may go on, never stopping.  
Love alone has been capable of uniting two people in such a way as to complete and fulfill them,  
for it alone takes them and joins them by what is deepest in themselves.  
Take that love away and you are left with nothing,  
My heart is still yours.  
No one can love someone else when their heart already belongs to someone.  
I can only love you.  
Whatever it takes, I must try to end the storm.  
No one can help me but you,  
Just tell me when you are ready to help me and we'll start.  
You are the only one, my love  
Not anyone, but you.  
If you still love me, you will help get through my storm,  
All I will ever need is you.

## The Everlasting Storm: The Last Phase

As I sit by myself,  
I recall many things about my life before you  
Before-I wasn't happy  
I had always loved the unloving.



You taught me so much.  
You taught me how to love again after all my pain.  
I know now what a wonderful thing I have ruined.  
Sorry is never enough.  
But wait-  
What is this?  
I see a figure in the distance  
On your path, I see someone coming the way you have gone.  
As the figure comes closer, I realize that it is a man  
Approaching me, he crosses the distance between our paths.  
As the rain still pours steadily,  
The mist parts.  
It is now that I know who it is:  
You  
Stopping in front of me,  
You reach for my hands.  
Slowly, you help me to stand,  
Then, lovingly, you put your arms around me in an embrace.  
You smile, saying it will be alright.  
At that moment, the storm begins to fade .  
Moving into the distance, the lightning and thunder start to diminish,  
The clouds slowly part, as the days progress,  
You are there until the clouds have parted,  
The sun shines through on us.  
Just as that happens, our rainbow spreads across the sky,  
I notice that it is not quite as bright as before.  
You tell me that you must go for now,  
We walk along on our different paths,  
Sometimes we get ahead of each other.  
But still in reach.  
We stay close  
friends forever.  
You are there for me when I need to cry,  
You say that you still love me,  
But every once in a while, I wonder how it would have been.  
Sometimes I cry and sometimes I smile,  
Most of the time I just wish we could start all over again,  
Because I will always love you  
And I will never stop, no matter what.

--Taralee Teeples, '95

*Faith*





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## Under the Light

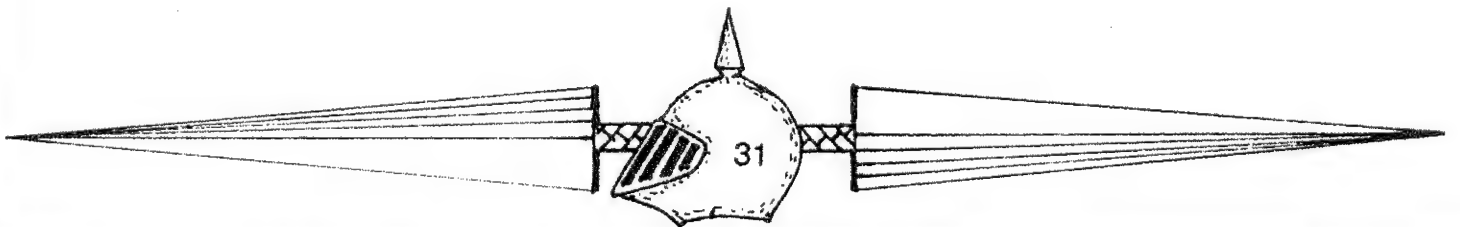
I saw him standing there,  
watching me from under the light.  
He knew where I was going,  
but I did not.  
He looked after me,  
when I needed to be looked after.  
And guided me on my way.

--*Kristen Smith*, '94

## Thank-You

You were always there for me,  
Whether I did right or wrong.  
You even laughed at my corny jokes,  
And listened to my sob stories.  
When I frowned,  
You were there to help me smile.  
In sad times I picked up the phone,  
And you answered right away.  
On a dark cloudy day,  
You made the slight sun come out.  
If I ever needed a wish,  
You made it come true.  
Days when I was sick,  
You helped me feel well again.  
I don't know what I would have done without you,  
My friend.

--*Christy Friederichs*, '96





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## The Day God Called Him Home

In tears, we watched you suffer,  
We watched you fade away;  
Our hearts were nearly broken,  
You fought so hard to stay.

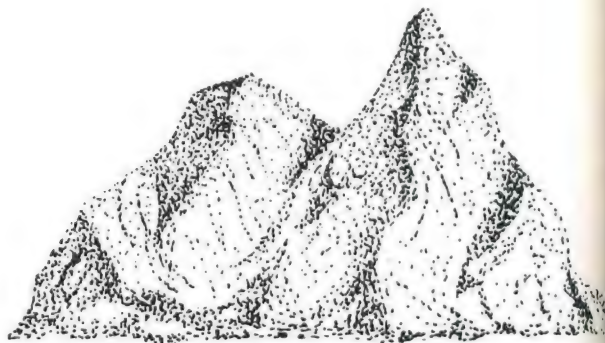
But when we saw you sleeping,  
So peaceful, free from pain;  
We could not wish you back,  
To suffer that again.

It broke our hearts to lose you,  
But you did not go alone;  
For part of us went with you,  
The day God called you home.

--*Angela Laake*, '96

We cannot change yesterday,  
that is quite clear.  
Nor begin on tomorrow until it is here  
So all that is left for you and for me  
is to make today as sweet as can be.

--*Rhonda Jones*, '93



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## Thanks

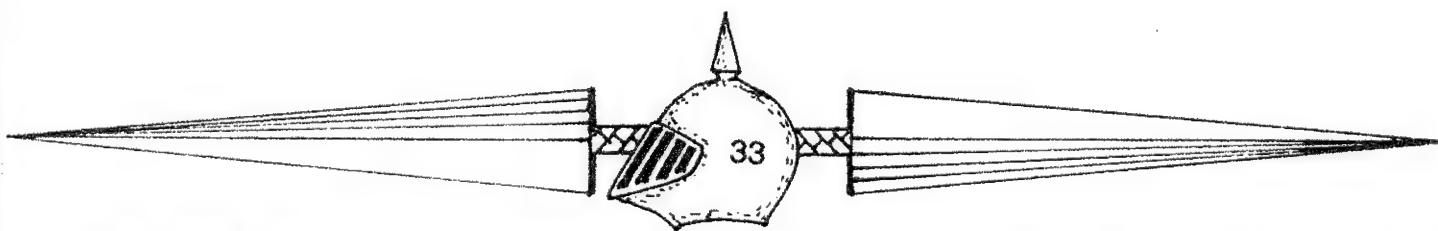
When I was young and my brain was dead  
your useful words went right over my head.  
I never took you seriously,  
I assumed you weren't referring to me.  
Well, I'm older now and, believe it or not  
I've realized you actually know a lot.  
The things you said, they make some sense.  
It wasn't just coincidence.  
To tell you the truth, I'm really scared.  
I'm on my own and not prepared.  
I should have let you teach to me  
the things that would have helped me be  
a better person who knew much more  
than the one I am--depressed and poor.  
I only wish you hadn't have passed.  
There are so many things I wanted to ask.  
I guess it's too late. Things have changed. You've moved on.  
It's all my own fault that my life's a sad song.  
There was one important thing I wanted to say  
before you, father, had passed away.  
I'm ashamed of myself, and all you went through!  
You tried hard to help me, Dad, and I thank you.

--Kelli Hammes, '93

## Death

In the end, God is there.  
He leads you to his heaven.  
He comforts your people.  
He brings peace.  
You are not truly gone.  
We will always remember.  
You no longer see,  
But there is still beauty.  
You don't hear,  
But there's still music.  
You are at peace.  
And beauty and music  
Surround you.  
God will care for all.

--Lynn Voekel, '93



## A Tribute to a Perfect Teacher

Argumentative,  
Neanderthaler minds,  
Gain,  
Intelligence.

Sleepy now,  
Are his toes,  
Resting there,  
Awful and gross.

Even though he was away,  
On a personal day,  
Watching F.B.,  
On T.V.

Going away  
Leaving us to stay,  
With a sub,  
Whom we shall dub,  
Mrs. D.

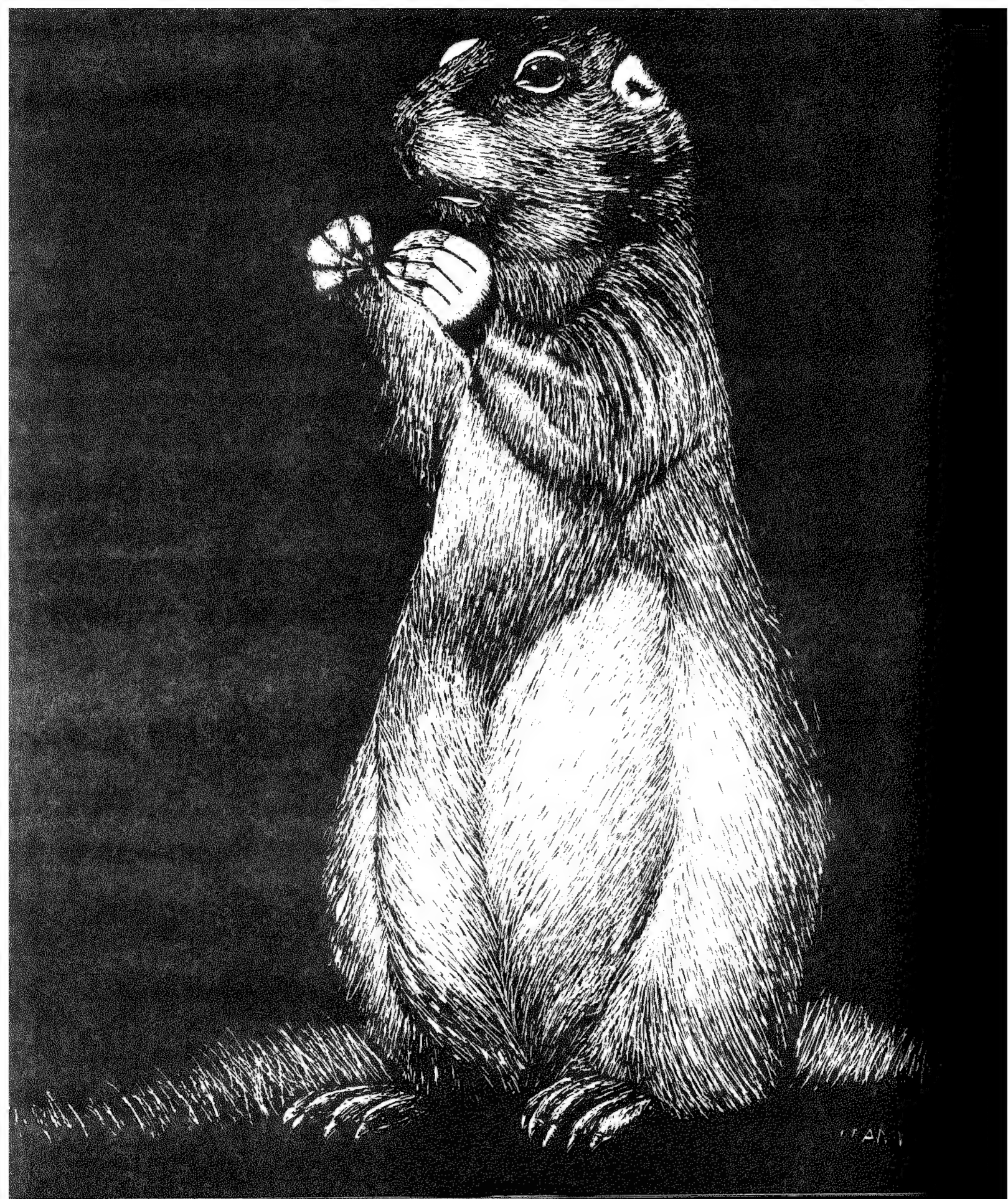
(A creation during an amusing and enlightening movie that doesn't even relate to the chapter we are studying.)

--Sara Smith, '94, and Angie Tague, '95

*Words to Live*

*By*







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## The Meaning of Life

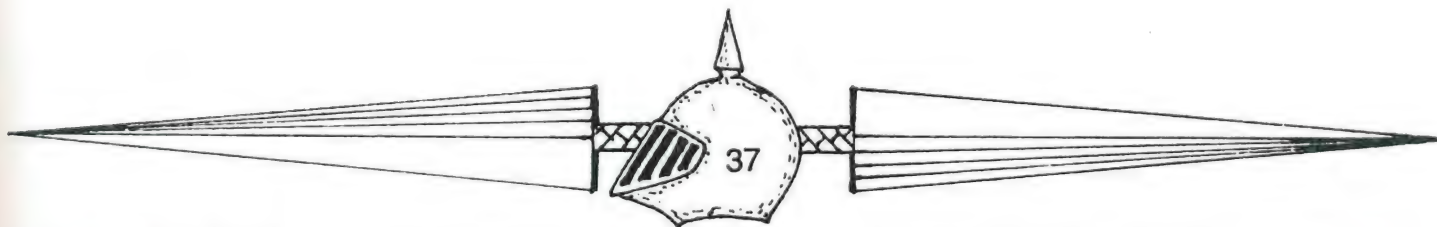
Life is but one thing.  
It occurs solely for our sake.  
I know that I live,  
Because I have experienced it.  
Humankind knows this thing.  
All have possessed it in someway.  
This thing is, simply, love.



--Lynn Voegel, '93

Race,  
    doesn't matter,  
    we are all the same inside.  
Hands joined together,  
    Red, black, and white.  
Why should skin color make a difference?  
We could all be friends,  
    no more fighting against each other,  
    but helping and partnership,  
    it will work.  
America-stand together,  
    work together,  
    party together,  
united  
    as friends.

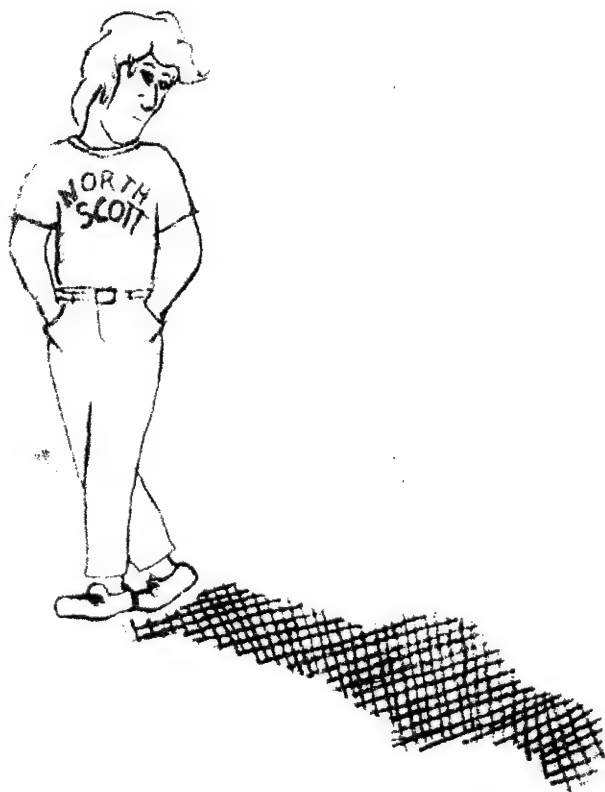
--Christie Spohn, '94



## The Game

When you start out you're kind of slow,  
learning to catch and learning to throw.  
You practice hard from morning to dark,  
throwing the ball to hit its mark.  
You work real hard to make the team,  
and now's your chance to make your dream.  
When the score is tied and it's up to you,  
you know that your practice will bring you through.  
Winning the game may be great,  
but it's always fun to participate.

--T.J. Case, '94



## Awareness

Dreams  
shattered  
like a  
broken mirror.

Hope  
crushed  
and thrown  
aside.

Life  
cut short  
it isn't  
worth it.

Don't let  
the important  
things slip  
away.

AIDS.  
Be safe...  
and live.

--Courtney Gilkison, '95

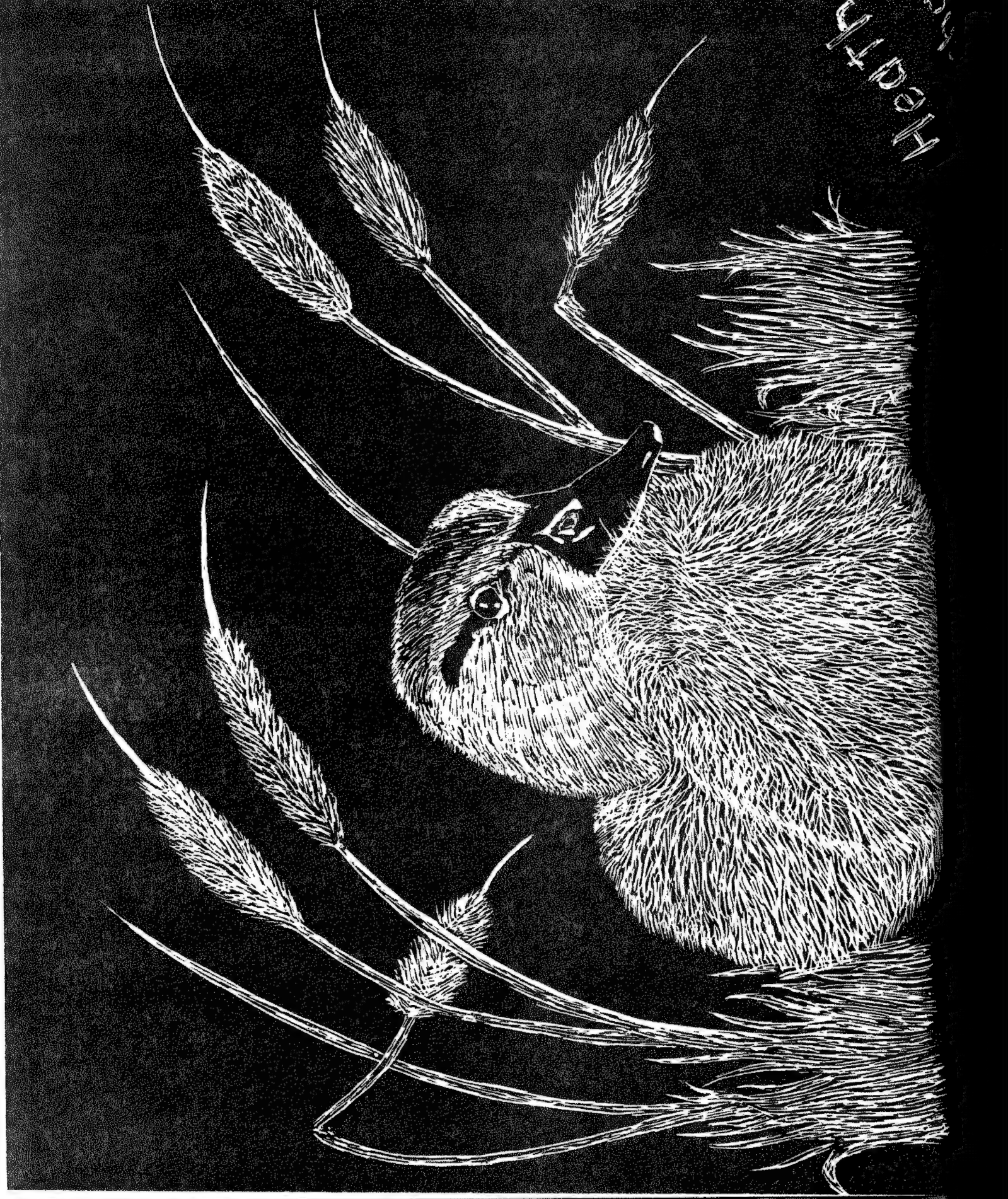
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Motives,  
obvious as they may seem,  
are always unexpected and hidden.  
If truth was a preface  
to motives,  
these motives would never  
exist.  
Sitting on a fence,  
neither foot on  
either side leads to  
confusion and aggressive behavior.  
Never lead on hopes  
and dreams which  
one dwells to become  
the truth.  
If the motive to  
see the other  
side is what's intriguing  
you, truth should have  
been your motive.  
I hate knowing  
I was the  
pawn in a one  
colored chess game.  
My eyes were blinded  
by your motives,  
when my motives  
were to please only  
you.

--John Lafferty, '93







Healthy

*What a  
Wonderful  
World*



---

As the rising sun  
Comes up over the horizon  
The sound of the hoofbeats echoes all around the mountain

The echoes diminish as the evening draws near  
Softer and softer they get  
As the sun lowers

--*Amanda Stroud*, '93



As I look up towards the sky,  
I see a bird.  
Where is it going?  
I wonder.

So free it flies,  
his destination is unknown to me,  
and maybe even to him.

To where he is flying,  
I will never know.  
Maybe someday it will come back  
and tell me of it's adventures.

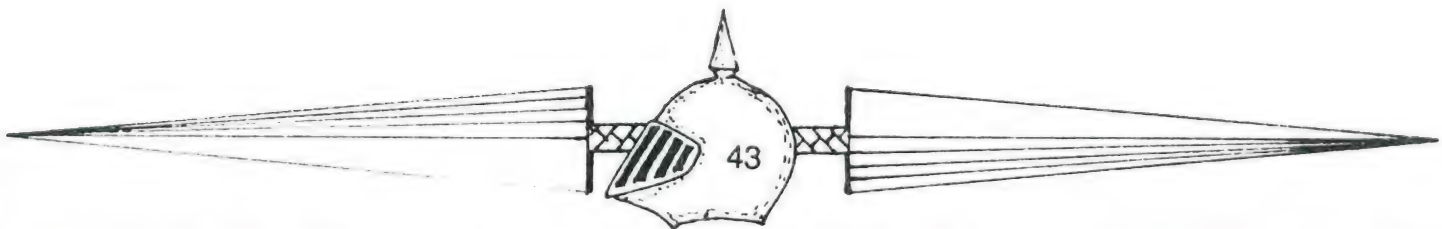
--*Roxanne Mess*, '94

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## What a Beautiful Day it is!

                                  rose as  
                                  sun  
                  orange  
The big  
                  the birds chirped in the trees.  
  is cloudless,  
                                  when the big, blue sky  
Morning is always beautiful  
                  And noon is the midpoint of the day,  
                                  sky  
While the                  is  
                  evening          magical with it's mystifying hues,  
And  
  then  
    the  
      sun  
      goes  
      down  
                                  stars.  
                                  gleaming  
                                  full of  
                  dark sky  
          a  
  reveal  
To

--Sunnie McCollam, '94

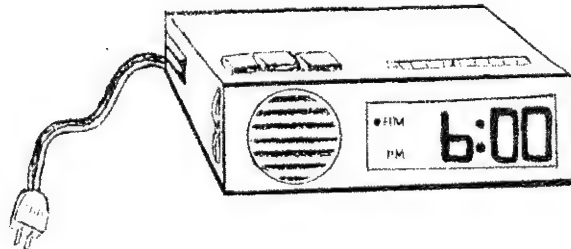


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## Dawn

Wake to the sound,  
A faint humming.  
The grey light glows softly from my window.  
The drops of dew silently run down the pane of glass.  
Far away in the distance  
I can hear the musical chorus of nature  
and it brings a smile to my lips.  
Although the grey light is changing to rose,  
I snuggle down deeper into the warmth of my bed.  
The mountain of covers enfold me completely.  
In this heaven there is no pressure, only comfort and security.  
I enjoy this contentment.  
The light changes from rose to a blending white,  
and I hear the dreaded evil shriek:  
"Wake up, it's time for school!"  
With a weak voice of despair,  
I slowly close my eyes too heavy and answer:  
"Ten more minutes."

--Megan Arensdorf, '94



---

## Memories

Seems like summer was just yesterday,  
When grass was green and birds were singing.  
Everyone was happy and full of life.

With autumn came bright colors,  
Of leaves falling and crops being harvested.  
Where was the time going?

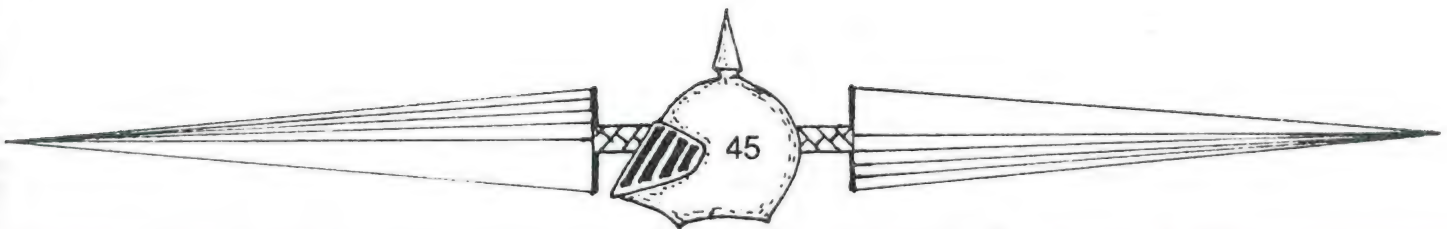
Now when I look back,  
I see all of my memories,  
And I think, winter is not far.

--*Roxanne Mess*, '94

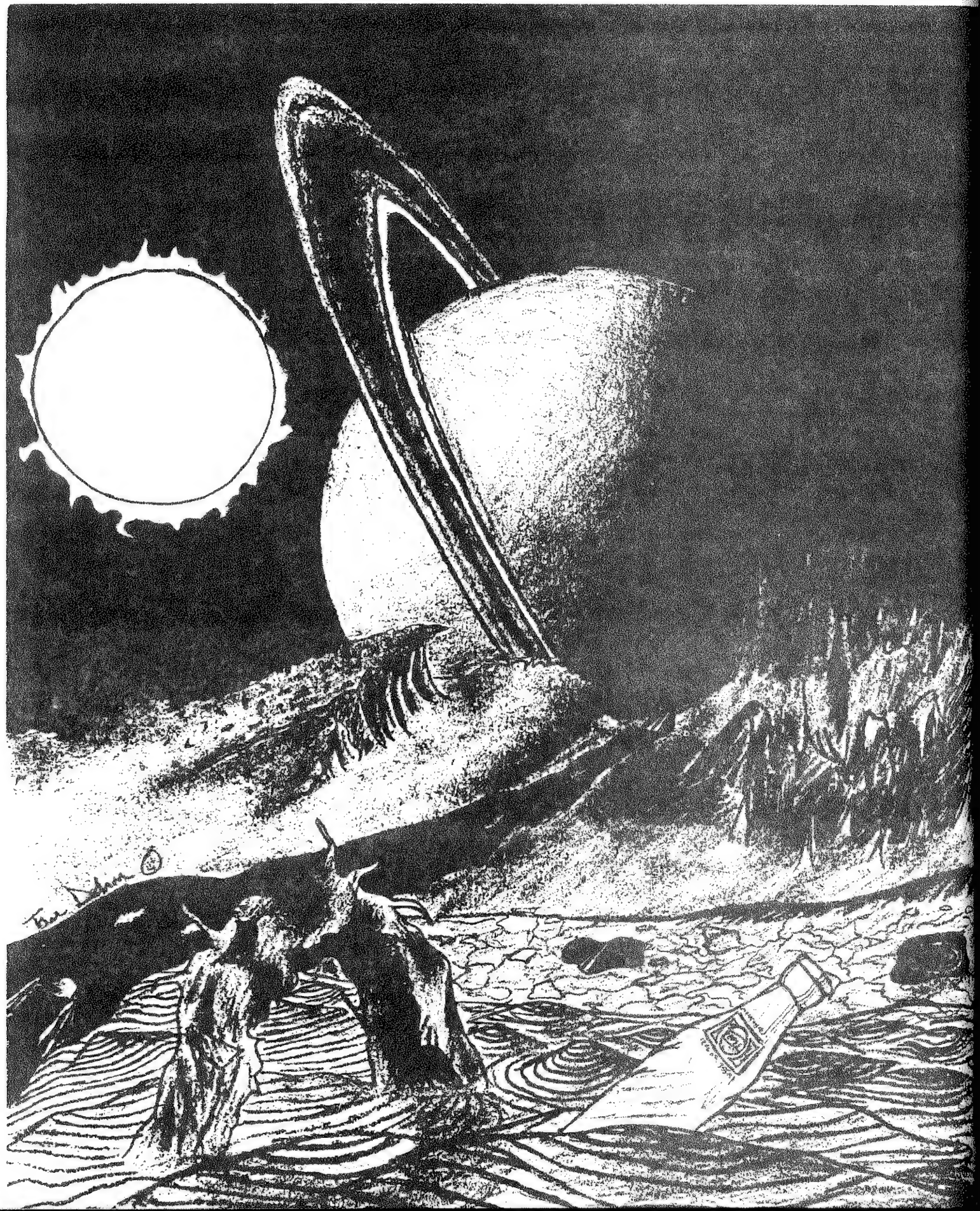
## Winter's Path

When leaves of fall come gently down  
I thought of summer's warmth  
The long cool nights  
The long hot days  
that were filled with your love's glow  
but the season's wind to winter's path  
to feel its cold and blustery wrath  
and all that's left to me is snow.

--*Christian Scott*, '93







# *Going to Extremes*





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So you want to live. So you want people to care. It's all a lie. Life's one big lie, one big phase we all have to live through. Some are sentenced to death, some are sentenced to live. Doomed to live. Doomed to worry needlessly about death. Doomed to remember the past.

I know you'll have a beautiful death. Roses and flowers you never got to see, experience. I know you will finally look beautiful. White tinged blood red. Finally at peace with yourself with the world's memories saved for another time, for someone else to deal with. Nobody telling you that you have to suffer and live now. It's all over. Words speak after past reflects what you have done.

Nothing in the eyes of the spirit. It doesn't recognize the withered state your soul has become during life. Hidden inside while the flesh corrupts. The people corrupt. Speak once more, one last confession. One last withering kiss before you are saved. Paint your lips black and fit in with the crowd. Will they accept a dead person? Sure, they're already gone. Already soul dead. Like you.

You needn't worry what they say about you. You already say it to yourself.

You like to think of yourself as ahead of the game. Drugs are only the catalyst for catastrophe. You know that, everybody knows that. Let the soul speak. Run with the night and let the feeling take over, the neon dead against the flashing sky.

Will you run? Sometimes you have to kill. Sometimes you want to murder. Sometimes you want to break all that you've built. All in the name of frustration. You talk, but don't understand what you're saying. They seem to understand, so you don't stop. Somebody slips you a joint. You smoke and laugh, everything's just keen in the eyes of the Lord. The Lord, who's that? You laugh some more, the smoke making you giddy. You wish you were trash, blowing around town to town. Sticking to different people's shoes. Getting cursed at as you blow into a Seattle home and onto somebody's leg. But the moon has risen and thoughts are elsewhere besides trash. You're speaking to it, but you can relate to anything since you are neutral dirt. You stomp out your smoke and watch the glowing embers fade onto the broken asphalt.

Somewhere incense is burning.

You don't feel like anything except a criminal. Willing to kill for thrills, but you don't. You're an average middle crazy psycho. Hair blows in the breeze. You pull your coat tighter over your blood. The smell of burnt tobacco stuck to your hair, reminding you of wild nights and crazy dreams. You're done B.S.'ing with the other people. Let's kill. In a sense you kill the memories by replacing them with new memories to get rid of. Nice cycle, isn't it? Nice car, isn't that?

--Audra Madden, '93





Help

when there is no need.

Cry when there is no tears.

Welcome to the first verse of tears.

I'm trapped in a world of happy madness,

the pain of the ultimatum of tomorrow.

If you can't hear, why can you see?

If you are blind, why can't you hear  
me?

I am the one who stands in the corner alone  
in the sadness of tomorrow's tears.

'Listen' says the small boy to the story of life.

The deepness of the crying like the darkness of the night  
hold tight onto the nothing of everything.

I yell when I am quiet,

I stomp when I am proud.

Screams of the unanswered  
as the wheel goes round.

Things are starting to pull together yet you are so far away.

Cry does the mouse in the land of giants;

"Do I have to stay?"

Welcome are the wounds from hell with no regression of the tomorrow,  
the pain, the grief, the happiness stolen from all of the sorrow.

Cry I will.

Who will listen?

The bird of prey?

No remorse

No tears

No laughter

but the pain of today.

Hope is absolute,  
destitution is on the horizon.

Pray will you? Pray I say,

but your dirt will not grow.

The knowledge of nothing is plentiful  
in the day of the age.

The clock must tick,  
your brain must think  
but it is unwelcomed.



---

Here comes smiles.

They hurt your pride so you start to stutter:

"Fist on fist, muscle to muscle the challenge you must succeed."

The challenge of the emptiness which lies in your gut waiting for the heart to give in.

The wind blows down your neck,

chill up your spine,

darkness you can never forget and neither will

I  
I  
I

You alone    coldness    love

The things which remain mysterious

are the ones everyone might know

When hopes cry remorse,

where are the heroes?

Thunder is heard,

pounding of the heart.

Today is tomorrow.

Fear of the nothingness

is where love starts.

--Herb Sawyer, '94



---

## I Am Cold

Snow struggles, tightening its frozen grip, riding high upon the barren branches. The wind, its adversary, wrestles to pull free the delicate flakes. I realize--

I am cold

Sunglare. Snowblind. I can no longer see. But what's to see? This hazy white prison that surrounds me. Entraps me. Commands my every sense, all that I feel. I shiver--

I am cold

What force compels me? I know not. Constantly moving through the white fog of my breath. It assures me that I am still alive. How else could I be sure? I am sure.

I am cold

I look into the storm. Blinding, frightening. I stand up to the storm, face the storm. I know now it will win. It will overcome my precious life. There is no other outcome.

I am cold

My body slowly fades away. My hands--the grayish undertones--they are dead. Lost to me. Useless tools. My feet--gone as well. Are my ears gone? I am not sure.

I am cold

I walk, no longer thinking, I walk, no longer feeling, I walk, no longer hoping, I walk, no longer struggling, I fall, sinking down into the hungry snow.

I am cold

It is done. The triumphant storm howls increasingly louder above me, furious, then tapers off into nothingness. Black replaces the whiteness. I close my eyes...

The cold fades as well.

--Tom Dohrn, '93

---

## Secret Obsession

He was an artist,  
one of the flesh,  
his secret obsession,  
the creation of death.

Hung upon the walls,  
in his gallery so neatly,  
were those whom he killed,  
with innocence, discreetly.

A pierce of the knife,  
into their flesh,  
a creation of art,  
an artist obsessed.

--*Angie Tague*, 95

## In The Night

I gaze at the vast blackness with  
tiny diamonds sparkling in the night.  
A world of unknown; an aura of destiny.  
Here, dreams are alive dancing in the night.  
I'll go where you take me  
if I won't feel pain and sadness.  
Lead me onward, to the stars!  
To sing my joy,  
dance my dream in the night.

--*Kendra Ganzer*, '93





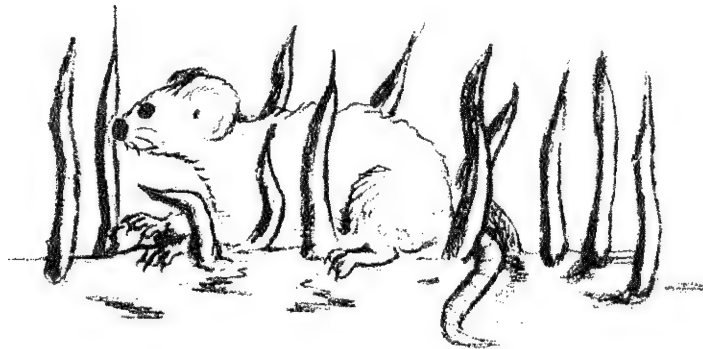


## Sad

Oceans of night flood into my eyes,  
Shadows of light leap from distance  
Calling to emotions of confusion and fear.  
Feelings echo within rising pandemonium,  
And I think of the screaming field mouse  
Sleeping in the cold wet grass  
The dark tree looming overhead  
And shadows wince at the chaos of the mouse.

Cool winds force their way through the shadows  
Walking over them to linger around the mouse,  
Making it shiver uncontrollably.  
They climb to the top of the tree  
Pulling a solitary leaf from its branch.  
It falls to the sadness in the grass  
Warming the trembling noise with its leafy comfort  
Calming it without effort until the wind comes again,  
Bringing shivers and memories of the bird.

--Kevin Meinert, '94



*Just a thought*



Alt

In this world of dazed confusion,  
a blind man with a cane of ice,  
leads me on this flowery  
trail.

His hand trembles  
from the cold, but  
never do they dare to lose  
their grasp.  
For this is his key to his  
direction.

I follow with a hopefulness  
of impatience.  
He trips, falls, and trembles  
along his steps  
but denies my fearable attempt  
of rescue.

At last the flowers are gone  
and puddles of sweet nectar  
are our common  
obstacles.

The blind man eludes each  
with every step taken.  
Myself, a misfit of  
consciousness,  
stumbles twice or thrice  
through a few.



As we reach the foot of  
the towering mountains  
I realize this journey  
had made for quite  
the trip.

He sets his weary body  
against a boulder  
and closes his eyes.

The ice cane,  
which for all this  
time had been  
those eyes,  
melted.

The pool which now formed  
at his feet seemed  
to glow, as if it too  
had a mind and spirit  
all its own.

As I drew near to my  
guide I noticed his face held  
a grin.

I kneeled down to his side  
and washed my hands  
in the pool of  
living water.

--John Lafferty, '93





## Hourglass

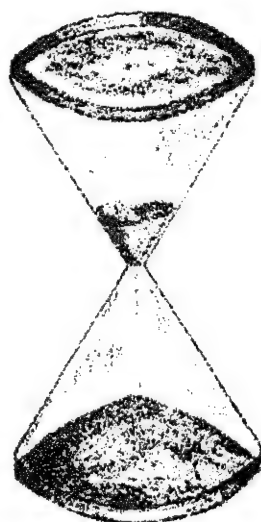
An hourglass held my fate and future.  
As the sands turned to falling  
gold particles,  
I know my past was worth it's living.  
Only now the ever so horizontal  
latter, became vertical, and  
climb I did.

The endless top was where  
I now rest  
with a hope for tommorrow and the future  
of my children's children.  
Too bad the glass  
broke, and  
the gold fertilized  
my flowers.

--John Lafferty, '93

What do you call obscene?  
Opinions that may be radical  
-or just different.  
Pictures you don't like.  
Pictures you don't want.  
Images you are afraid of.  
Freedom is raped of all  
meaning.  
Ideas are ignored.  
You don't agree with them.  
You decide to censor,  
to judge,  
to pronounce one  
artist's interpretation  
of life.

--April Barber, '94



A time once was  
in memories past.  
Young eyes perceived  
this world so vast.  
A lifetime ahead  
yet worlds behind,  
discoveries of  
the simplest kind.  
Wonder, amazement  
in everything,  
the simple joy  
that life can bring.  
Nothing does fail  
to entertain.  
Curiosity,  
the lessons gained.  
But young eyes grow,  
uniqueness fades,  
a stranger now  
to carefree days.  
Once virgin to life,  
now constant routine.  
The child-hidden,  
no longer seen.

--Tom Dohrn, '93

---

## To Love and Live

A story of a young boy  
is my first thought  
when it comes  
to love.

His love was a fish.  
Everyday when he  
returned from school  
his time was spent by a small brook  
that ran  
out back of  
his home.

He gathered all his tools  
necessary for his task,  
Then he proceeded on his way.

The path to get to this  
brook was long  
and a very uneasy trail.  
Yet he plunged forward to seek  
his true love.

When he arrived at the  
spot he had trekked  
to many a time  
before, he  
sat and  
let out  
a sigh.

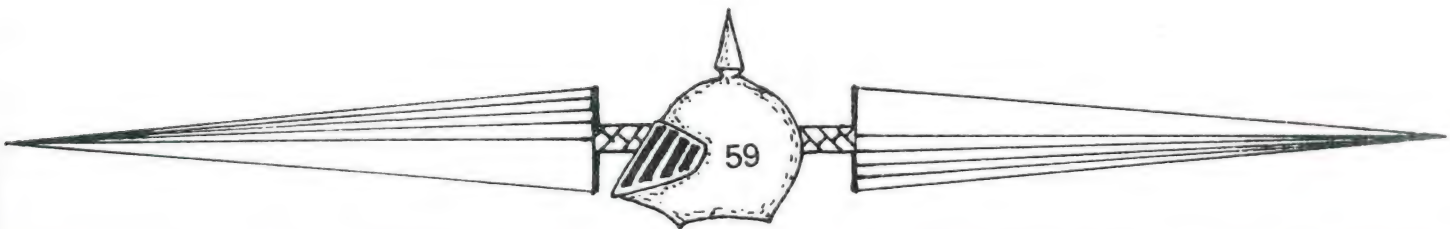
This is the spot  
where he  
could make dreams  
happen for  
himself.

When the first hook  
touched the  
water, then  
there was  
peace.

The boy waited  
for his true  
love to begin it's  
most intimate  
moment.

The moment at  
which the  
fish would  
snag and his  
heart would  
fill with  
joy.

--John Lafferty, '93





## Facing the Inevitable

How should one feel,  
    when we know our own fate?  
An inevitable future,  
    with despair and hate.  
Nothing's wrong now,  
    so why beg for change?  
It may not last long,  
    but the effect will remain.  
Why should we pay,  
    for others who don't try?  
We'll feel the pain,  
    and our dreams will slip by.  
Yet, there's a short while  
    to live, prosper, and dream.  
But after that time,  
    it can never be redeemed.  
So thanks to all  
    who didn't seem to care.  
For they can't fool your hearts,  
    but they did fool your ears.

--Ryan Betts, '94

## Time

When it is night, it is not day,  
When it is day, it is not night,

When it is midday it's neither; it's in the middle.

But is night in between day and midday,  
Or is day in between night and midday,

Or maybe,  
    Just maybe,  
        Midday is between now and forever.

--Don Anderson, '94

---

## Questions

Questions are asked by all types of people.

Good questions are asked by  
People who want to know answers.

Stupid questions are asked by  
People who want to know why.

And dumb questions are,  
Questions that are not asked.

--*Andy Brus*, '93

## Answers

Answers are not always given by everyone.

Some answers are easy,  
So everybody knows them.

Some answers are difficult,  
Only a few may know them.

But the people who think they know them all,  
Usually know the least.

--*Andy Brus*, '93





---

## Long Ago and Far Away

Dragons played  
Magicians "majiked"  
Spells cast  
Rules broken  
Long ago and far away.

Knights fought  
Damsels distressed  
Villages plundered  
Riches exchanged  
Long ago and far away.

Perilous quests  
Unknown wonders  
Fatal disasters  
King's commands  
Long ago and far away.

Differences noticed  
Changes made  
New advances  
Lives reformed  
Long ago and far away.

--Sara Smith, '94



---

## FANTASIA a.k.a ILLAUDABLE & BANAL

Bring the grapes.  
I see the red curtains blowing.  
He screams with frustration.  
The sun clouds his hearing.  
With horrible strength the fog suffocates.  
But they like the quilt because it has  
yellow polk-a-dots.

--Lynn Voegel, '93

I fear for my mind's free will  
And ability to respond to the beauty  
that others produce.

Because neither a desire of expression  
Or a thought of great importance  
prods my creativity

Rather it is the educator's  
Desire to pluck at my thoughts  
and judge them.

--Mike Nagel, '94

## The Man in the Park

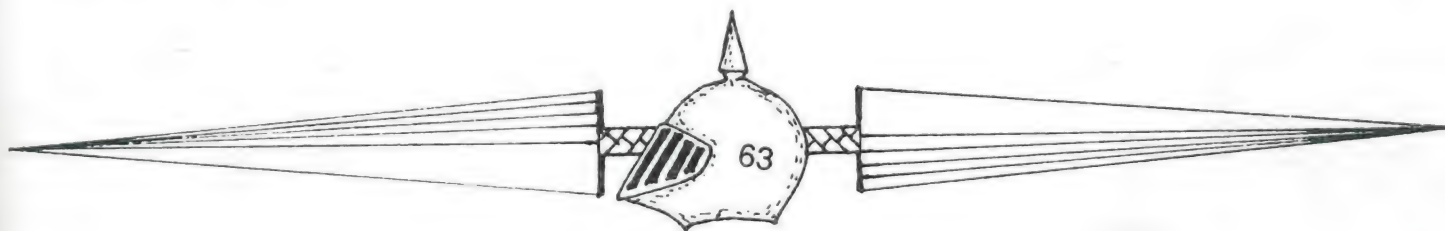
I noticed him walking in the park,  
Walking in the grass,  
I noticed him before he noticed me  
Then he smiled at me as he passed.

This man has weathered, grown old with years,  
His hair has turned to gray.  
It's amazing the peace that's throughout his soul  
As he walks through the park today.

He has no fear for what's to come,  
No shame for what has gone.  
All he holds is pride for himself  
And the cane he's leaning on.

As I watch this man walk through the trees  
I realize I'm living in the dark,  
For I have not near as much a life  
As this old man in the park.

--Kelli Hammes, '93







*The End*



---

## Road to Nowhere

Have you ever walked down a road,  
knowing not where to go?  
Just walking and talking,  
to no one at all.  
Or stopping and watching  
a tree letting its leaves fall.  
Sitting by a pool of water,  
I go into a trance.  
Watching the tiny waves  
made by a fellow leaf.  
The shimmer and glimmer  
of the sunlight,  
so very blinding.  
The road to nowhere  
may not always be nowhere.  
It may soon be somewhere.  
A mall or housing development,  
it doesn't matter which.  
The earth movers, trucks, and chainsaws  
roam this land.  
Scraping and scarring our mother of nature.  
Where must this road go?  
Why must this road go?

--Joe Schoenthaler, '93

I look at what  
you have done.  
Stare at the  
parade of faces-  
blur  
as I see you  
follow down.  
float  
run  
death follows  
us like a shadow.  
Look at me without  
a tear,  
I don't want to  
see  
anything.

--Audra Madden, '93

As the time draws near  
The dark closes in.  
There is a moment of  
Strength  
And then...  
there is  
Nothing.

--Amanda Stroud, '93

---

## Day of Doom

I sit alone in a cold dark room,  
For this is the day of doom.

Soldiers fight, earthquakes rumble,  
For this is the day of doom.

Governments corrupt, drive-bys go on,  
For this is the day of doom.

People are hungry, children cry,  
For this is the day of doom.

I sit alone in a cold, dark room,  
For this is the day of doom.

--*Andrea Anderson*, '95

The end is near  
Look around you and you will see  
The signs of termination  
Hunger  
Death  
Extinction of our creatures

The time has come  
For us to open our eyes  
And do something about all these  
Forms of brutal destruction  
Before it's too late.

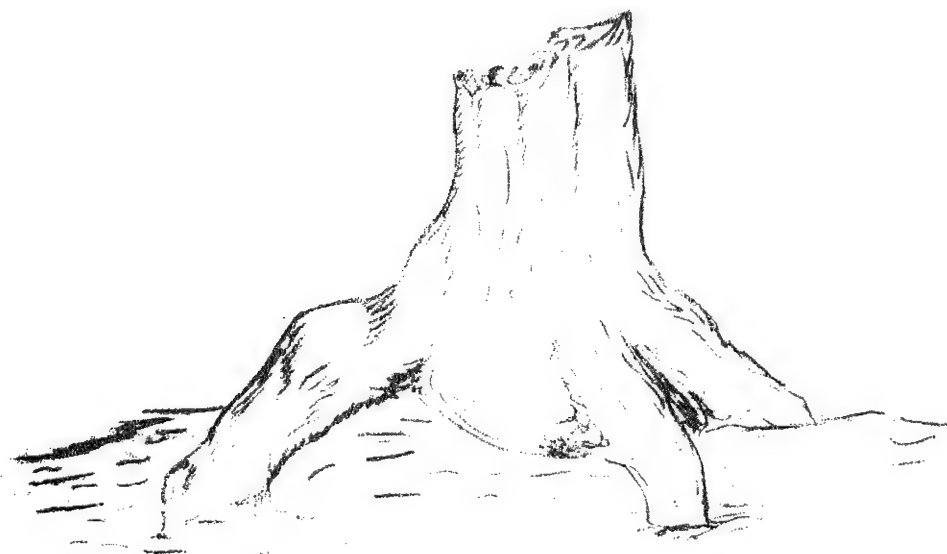
--*Sunnie McCollam*, '94



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We, people of this Earth, must love destruction  
For we murder our own land  
With chemicals that harm mankind.  
And we pollute our air we are to breathe.  
Our once sparkling waters are now black  
Muddy Puddles full of dead fish.  
Why are there warning about skin cancer?  
Because, my friends, the ozone is deteriorating  
And the ultraviolet content of the sun is high.  
What's done can never be repaired.  
So if you ever wonder who's fault  
It is when another rain forest is burned  
Or another animal has gone extinct,  
Or the smog in the big cities is too thick to see through,  
Or there are warnings about being in our oceans,  
Take a look at ourselves, the human population.

--Sunnie McCollam, '94



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